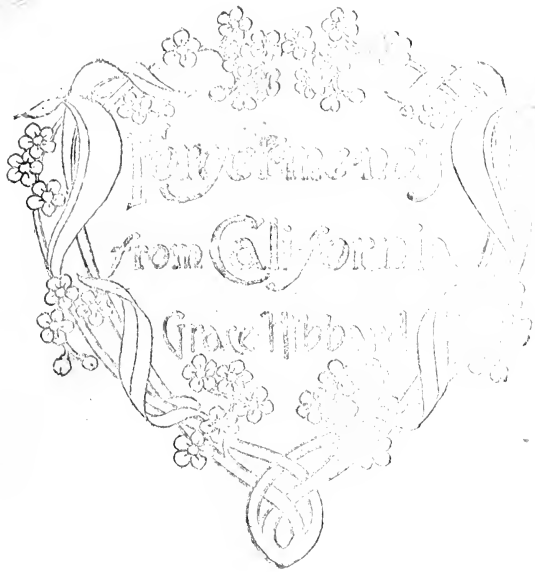


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Presented to the

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FORGET - ME - NOTS
FROM CALIFORNIA

FORGET - ME - NOTS
FROM CALIFORNIA

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY
GRACE HIBBARD

SAN FRANCISCO
A. M. ROBERTSON
1907

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THE MURDOCK PRESS

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO
MRS. FRED VAUGHAN MISS SALLIE C. PARKE
MRS. FLORENCE EDDY ROOT
MISS JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH
AND TO MY BELOVED CITY
SAN FRANCISCO

*By token of the blue of a flower,
Forget me not.*

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PRELUDE

WHENCE THE POET ?

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.—SHELLEY.

*HE breathed in breath of life from Summer's rose-
filled air ;*

*The song of many birds trilled in his ear ;
The golden sunlight fell upon his eyes,
Inspiring touch of prophet and of seer.*

Beauty entreated, "Sing, oh, sing of me !"

*Like butterflies, all gladness came on wings ;
Then o'er him Sorrow bent and whispered low,—
"A poet's heart is broken ere he sings !"*

LITTLE SOLDIER

I HOLD my little soldier's hat
With fond caressing hand;
I smooth the nodding feather out,
And then the twisted band.

He ever was a "a soldier boy,"
"A captain" in his play;
The pretty toy—his fallen sword—
I cannot hide away.

Defying Time—the enemy—
That heals the wounded heart,
His tiny cannon aimless stands
From other toys apart.

Outside, upon the lilac-bush,
His plaything flag I see;
A storm has dimmed its colors bright,
As life is dimmed for me.

DANDELION DOWN

WHERE are you winging, ghost of a flower?
You seemed but a star in the springtide bright.
Where are you wafting, drifting, floating,
Down of a blossom, feathery white?

You 'll frighten roses with thoughts of dying;
They 'll shiver and shudder at you so white,
You 've found your wings, soft tipped with silver,
And spirit-like drift in the pale moonlight.

Oh, cease your wanderings, wraith of a flower!
Oh, hide yourself in the moist brown mould,
And another springtide the sun will kiss thee
Back to a star-like blossom of gold.

LEST THE LOVED DEAD COME BACK
AGAIN

Lest the loved dead come back again,
Groping their way through the infinite space,
Snatching a torch from among the bright stars,
To light a pathway unto thy face;
Lest they come back with unheard tread,
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest the loved dead come back again,
Wearying for you in the world of bliss,
Longing to wreath you with unseen arms,
To seal you their own with the old-time kiss,
And with white fingers your hair to thread,
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

Lest the loved dead come back again,
Let not your heart to the living stray,
Lest a star-torch fall from cold white hands,
And, despairing, the loved dead turn away.
Lest they come back with unheard tread,
Be faithful ever unto your dead.

A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

LAST night beside my hearthstone
She sat in snowy dress;
The firelight touched her golden hair
With many a fond caress.

She wore white autumn flowers,—
Like frozen stars they seemed;
One flower she left, else I should think
Of angels I had dreamed.

OAKLAND—BERKELEY—ALAMEDA

O CLOSE-CLASPED towns across the bay,
Whose lights like gleaming jewels stray,
A ruby, golden splendid way,
When day from earth has flown.
I watch you lighting night by night,
O twisted strands of jewels bright!
The altar-fires of home, alight—
I who am all alone.

THE SENTINEL TREE

(CYPRESS POINT, CALIFORNIA)

A GIANT sentinel, alone it stands
On rocky headland where the breakers roar,
Parted from piny woods and pebbled shore,
Holding out branches as imploring hands.
Poor lonely tree, where never bird doth make
Its nest, or sing at morn and eve to thee,
Nor in whose shadow wild rose calleth bee
To come on gauzy wing for love's sweet sake,
Nature cares for thee, gives thee sunshine gold,
Handfuls of pearls cast from the crested waves,
For thee pink-throated shells soft murmurs hold,
And seaweed vested chorists chant in caves.
Whence came thee, lone one of an alien band,
To guard an outpost of this sunset land?

MARPESSA TO APOLLO

(Written after reading Stephen Phillips's "Marpessa.")

APOLLO, thou who from Themis' hands hast
In childhood tasted the immortal food—
Nectar, ambrosia—that hast made thee god,—
Thou of the bow and harp, listen to me.
From high Olympus came you to the earth
One morning in the rose-wreathed summertime,
A god in human form, divinely fair.
Silver-stringed harp, by gentle Eros touched,
Announced thy coming to a fountain's side,
And I was straying with my maidens there,
A Grecian girl in trailing robe of white,
With wild acanthus blossoms in my hair,
That rippled like the sunlight as it fell
About my shoulders to my sandaled feet.
Apollo, god, yet son of Leto born—
You called me fairer and more beautiful
Than aught e'er was on earth, in sea, or sky.
You begged my love; you craved me for your
 bride;
You offered gift of immortality;

MARPESSA TO APOLLO

You promised me that I should ne'er grow old—
Eternity my marriage ring should be,
If I would choose not mortal, but a god.
Apollo, hear me, while I tell to thee
That Idas I have loved from childhood's days,
That I ordain to be his bride, not thine,
E'en though a god and beautiful thou art.
I dread not that the sunlight from my hair
Shall fade when twilight of my life draws near,
Nor that I turn to marble if it be
In sleep of death lies Idas at my side.
Apollo, listen: hast thou never heard
That in a temple built upon Mars Hill
There is an altar "To the Unknown God"?
Him do I worship—God of Gods he is.
He unto all who dwell upon the earth
Has brought the boon you offer me—
E'en "life and immortality to light."

SO LONG AGO

THE stars look out to-night through wandering
banks
Of white unfallen snow.
It seems so long ago
Since clover blooms bent heavy with the weight
of yellow bees,
So long since leafy trees
Held fluttering branches up to summer skies.
Life seems to-night as gray
And drear and limitless as plains that stretch
away
To where a star hangs low
And shines through wandering banks
Of white unfallen snow.

DAFFODILS

If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul.—*The Koran.*

O DAFFODILS, bright daffodils!
I'd sell my other loaf for thee;
Thou art so bright, I love thee so,
That thou art soul-bread unto me.

I've placed thee in a crystal vase,
As clear as crystal vase can be;
Hold high thy pretty yellow heads,
While I a story tell to thee.

Once up each side a garden path
Two lines of daffodils did stray,
Two golden chains of memory
That link my childhood with to-day.

Up to an old colonial house,
From gate to doorsill, side by side,
Were daffodils in yellow gowns,
Gay daffodils—New England's pride.

A little girl stood in the door,
O dearest blossoms 'neath the sky!
Her heart was filled with love for thee—
O daffodils, that girl was I!

“NON TE SCORDAR DI ME” *

OFT on the crowded street
Goes up my mournful cry,—
“Non te scordar di me,”—
Hundreds hurrying by.

Soul-cries move not the lips,
No one glances at me,—
“Non te scordar di me,”—
Upward I send to thee.

Thy home is very fair,
Dear one above the blue;
“Non te scordar di me,”—
Never forgotten are you.

* “Do not forget me.”

HOPE

THERE'S never a day so dark and drear,
But that its close may shine
In rose and gold and amethyst,
And tints of ruby wine.

There's never a night so wrapped about
In mist and drifting rain,
But that the clouds may roll away
And stars look out again.

A DESERT ROSE

THE little pink cloud
Of a summer day,
Afloat and adrift
On the azure way,
Fell o'er the desert
Where lonely it grows,
Afar from skyland,
The pretty wild rose.

A KISS

THE rose you gave me yesterday
I fastened to my dress;
The perfume of the sweet white rose
Was like a fond caress.

The air with sunbeams was afloat,
'T was near the day's bright close,—
A sunbeam paused on yellow wings
And kissed the sweet white rose.

WINDS FROM THE SEA

WHAT you do I may not do,
Kiss her forehead fair,
Bring the roses to her cheeks,
Ripple her bright hair.

Never touch of mine has brought
Rose-tints to her face;
Though I love her, ne'er have I
In her heart a place.

CALIFORNIA VIOLETS

(AN INVITATION)

ON the Atlantic's shores the fierce north winds,
I know,
Autumn's brown leaves are scattering far and
near,
And flowers are withered by the frost's cold
touch,
While violets are here.

Here in the sunset land the tender grass
Is covering hill and dale with living green,
And fretted in—mosaics rare of blue—
Are violets between.

And soon the golden poppies of this land
Will flame in splendid beauty everywhere;
The roses and the jasmine sweet will fling
Their perfume on the air.

Oh, come unto this land so fair, and stay
While snow is on the pines and days are drear;
Come where the sun glints through the broad-
leaved palms,
For violets are here.

NOT FOR ME

(After the Japanese of K. Ikadi)

BEYOND the garden wall
A fair rose groweth
Stately and tall.
“Not for thee—not for thee,”
Whispers the wind that bloweth
Over the garden wall.

Upon the garden wall
A white rose leaneth
Graceful and tall.
Not for me—not for me,—
While love's fond dream I dreameth,
Snowlike its petals fall.

“ I WILL COME IN THE SPRING ”

“ I WILL come in the spring.”
Oh, be still, throbbing heart,
Then hush every sound—
Did I hear a bird sing?

On the elm I see wings
And a bright spot of red—
A robin! a robin!—
Oh, what joy it brings!

It is spring! It is spring!
Then rejoice, lonely heart.
He will come! He will come!
For I heard a bird sing.

TWO WAYS

IF one small cloud is in the sky
Life seemeth dark to you.
I call life bright if mid the clouds
I see one bit of blue.

ON THE BEACH

THE white-crested waves at my feet
Tossed a piece of a ship lost at sea.
I seized it quick with my trembling hands;
Then cast it away from me.

In fancy I saw a proud ship
Homeward bound from the bright sunset land,
And naught was left of that white-winged bark
But the fragment tossed on the sand.

No avail to cast it away,
For the waves brought it back to the strand,
As memory brings all our shipwrecked hopes
To us with a pitiless hand.

WHENCE AND WHITHER

WHENCE came the summer day
Trailing its golden hair
Across the hills and fields?
Whence came the day so fair?

Where went the summer day
On wings of burnished gold,
Of amethyst and flame,
Beyond the headland bold?

Whence came the life that made
My life a summer day?
Where went the soul that took
Light from my life away?

POSSIBILITIES

THERE are caverns under the sea,
Prison-houses of seething fire;
On waves above, like a dream of love,
A white-winged boat may idly float,
A fragile craft, a sunbeam mote,
O'er Nature's heart of ire.

Or cities of marble and stone
That from blue tropics seas arise,
With firefly lights on rocky heights,
A wave may sweep, and fathoms deep
Forever may lie in dreamless sleep,
Shut out from the star-gemmed skies.

A ROSE-JAR

You and I in the starlight,—
Oh, but the world was fair!—
'T was June, and there were roses,
Roses everywhere.

Out 'neath the stars together,—
Oh, but the stars shone bright!—
My hands were filled with roses,
Your gift that summer night.

Here are the sweet dried rose-leaves,
Ghosts of the blossoms dead,
Memories of the starlight,
Though summer days have fled.

MY NEIGHBOR

Who is my neighbor? It is he
Who plants a flower in my way,
To make the world a brighter place
Upon a sea-gray, sunless day.

JAPANESE BUTTERFLY SONG

CHANGED after death was I
To white-winged butterfly—
 Ti-si, my bride, 's a star.
Slight wings that may not rise
O'er cherry-blooms to skies—
 To Ti-si sweet, so far.

If I were star, would she
On swift wings fly to me
 Up to the bending skies?
Would I were small white cloud,
That I my bride might shroud
 From the up-gazing eyes!

My Ti-si shines for all—
O Buddha, make her fall
 Into a flower's heart!
For far I cannot fly,
And in the starlit sky,
 Alas, I have no part.

CAST AWAY

LIKE "the base Indian" of long ago,
You "cast away a pearl"—

I wonder, did you know?

Aye, in the dust you cast a true heart low,
Your one white lustrous pearl—

I wonder, did you know?

IF

O MY dead, my dead, my dead,
If only you might draw nigh!
The days of my life would roll
Like golden chariots by.

And each one would hold a king,
And love would the scepter be.
O my dead, my dead, my dead,
If you could come back to me!

BLUEBELL CHIMES

THE bonnie bluebells, Scotland's pride,
The chime-bells of the flowers,
By breezes swept, ring out sweet tunes
Through sunny summer hours.

'T is aye of Scotland that they sing,
These truest-hearted flowers—
Of poets, heroes, victories,
Of huts and palace towers.

Sometimes the bluebells tender grow,
And chime a plaintive air,
Of Mary, loveliest of queens,
Or Highland Mary fair.

Ofttimes a grand old hymn they ring,
A hymn of long-past days,
Sung in some kirk amidst the broom,
A heartfelt song of praise.

Of love and home, of peace and war,
These flower chime-bells sing;
Oh, many, many are the songs
The bonnie bluebells ring!

BLUEBELL CHIMES

I listen to them, for I love
The little alien band
Down in the garden, and I hear
Sweet songs of their "ain land."

FROM OUT HEAVEN'S DOOR

I HEARD sweet music yesterday
As music from a star;
I fancied he whom most I love
Had left Heaven's door ajar—

That I might hear the melody
That day by day he hears;
Ecstatic joy was in my heart,
Though unto my eyes came tears.

SUSPENSE

THE sky and the sea, like two nuns,
Wear mantles of gray ;
And like a black cross seem the masts
And the yards of a ship far away.

Is it coming, coming to me—
This heavy black cross?
Shall the hopes and the joys of my life
Suffer pitiful shipwreck and loss?

The ship, like a bird on the wing,
Seems only to stay.
Alas, it is coming!—it tacks!—
Oh, thank God, it is sailing away!

THE RAGMAN

A RAGMAN, driving a horse of gray,
Cries through the alleys every day:
“Sacks and umbrellas, paper and bags,
Bits of old iron, bottles and rags.”

Oh, I wonder what the ragman feels?
Does his heart thrill at the blue of skies,
The ripple of sunlight on the hills,
The tender light in a dear child's eyes?

I wonder if he ever notes
The rose that climbs o'er the garden wall?
Or counts the petals of faintest pink
As one by one through the air they fall?

Is his life threaded with daytime dreams?
Or is it really just what it seems—
“Sacks and umbrellas, paper and bags—
Bits of old iron, bottles and rags”?

THE WORLD SO SAD, SO GAY

AS DOWN long hills I went to-day,
The joy of sunshine in my face,
I thought, Is this the selfsame place—
The world of yesterday?

I climbed these hills but yesterday,
The dash of rain was in my face.
The world was but a dreary waste—
The world of yesterday.

My feet upon the pavement gray
Beat as I walked a low refrain—
The world has moods of shine and rain,
The world so sad, so gay.

GOOD-NIGHT — GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night!
The stars are in the sky,
The moon, a silver lantern, swings
Above the mountains high.

Good-night, good-night
To all the world! My sweet,
Come to some castle-hall of dreams,
Thy soul my soul to meet.

ELUSIVE

HAPPINESS beckons from over the hills,
In the golden glory of sunset skies,
And we follow the toilsome way that leads
To the beautiful land of tropic dyes.

But lo! when the purple hills are climbed
All is cold and drear in the early dawn,
While happiness smiles, as backward we glance,
In the sunrise skies of a summer morn.

A PAGAN GIRL'S PRAYER TO THE SUN

(B. C. 500)

O SUN, thou god whom for ages my people
Have worshiped, low in the sky o'er the sea,
There thou hangest a red ball of fire,
Tarry, oh tarry, and listen, I pray thee!

Thou who lightest up dark places with sunbeams,
Thou who paintest the flowers and rainbows,
Thou who fillest with sunlight o'erflowing
The cup of the lotus, list to my sorrows!

O bright Sun, thou hast left me—thou hast fallen
Down into the waves! Thy blood stains the sky
In the west, and lies red on the waters—
Thou heardst not my sorrows, nor answered my
prayer.

“THE HAUNTED”

“Come out of the past, it is haunted.”

I LOVE to go back to “the haunted,”
For pleasant the pathways are there.
I meet in them father and mother—
My land of “the haunted” is fair.

It holds for me gay childish laughter,
And love that was constant and true.
My past is a land of pink roses,
Where happy I walked, dear, with you.

It lies upon beautiful headlands
O'erhanging a blue summer sea,
With white sail of Faith 'gainst the sunset,
And Hope on the white waves for me.

COUPLET

(A MOTTO FOR A WOMAN'S LIFE)

LOVE God, and one true man.
Do all the good you can.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BEFORE the bar of Conscience, woman, stand
To-night and answer me.
Uplift thy soft white hand to pledge the truth,
The while I question thee.

The year, once thine, will soon be thine no more.
The midnight draweth near.
'Tis for thy good alone I question thee,
At passing of the year.

Hast thou loved God the Lord with all thy heart
And strength? I ask of thee;
And hast thou loved thy neighbor as thyself?
O woman, answer me!

The New Year now has come mid joy of bells;
I cease to question thee.
Thy soft, white, jeweled hand falls at thy side.
Thou hast not answered me!

A DREAM SO FAIR

LAST night I dreamed of thee.
Sweet half-remembered words
Thou saidst came back to me.
Thy kiss upon my brow,
The sunlight of thy smile,
Thy touch, once real—but now
 A dream!

ONLY A FLOWER

A FLOWER lay in the dust
 On a crowded city street;
Like a fallen star it seemed
 Trampled by passing feet.
Crushed were its silvery rays,
 And broken its golden heart.
In the glory of summertide
 It could never more have a part.

JUNE

THE clover-fields
Are a-bloom to-day.
With the weight of bees
The blossoms sway,
Red blossoms of clover-fields.

From an unseen where,
On an unseen way,
Sunlight and shadows,
Now gold, now gray,
Flit over the clover-fields,

While yellow bees drone
A lazy tune
All about honey—
For, oh, it is June,
And red are the clover-fields.

SHADOW-LAND

INTO shadow-land I wandered,
Led by Twilight's hand,
Gently from the sunset golden
Into that drear land.

Dusky shadows all about me
Whispered sad and low,
Saying I should walk forever
In their vale of woe.

Telling on my life forever
Would their darkness stay,
As across the threatening heavens
Then a dark cloud lay.

Half-despairing, wildly cried I
To the somber night:
"Take me from the gloomy shadows
To the blessèd light."

Lo! the clouds were fringed with
moonbeams.
Joy, O soul of mine!
There can never be dark shadows,
Save where light doth shine.

THE SUN-DIAL

IT only marks the hours that shine,
The time when skies are bright,
The hours when sunbeam-roses twine,
The hours of sunset's red-spilled wine,—
It notes not clouds or night.

O Memory, I cry to thee,
Mark but my hours that shine;
All love and kindness show to me,
The best, the brightest let me see,
Mark but my hours that shine.

GREETING FROM CALIFORNIA

SWEET roses crown this sunset land,
At Christmas-tide they grow,
Pink rose-leaves are its summer clouds.
White petals are its snow.

DREAMING

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming,
Dreaming snowy clouds are castles seeming
Built on gray rocks in the sky-sea lying,
Stormed by golden arrows flying.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming,
Dreaming snowy clouds are white waves gleaming,
On the tropic blue of sky-sea dashing,
In the brightness of the sunset flashing.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming,
Dreaming white clouds are cherub faces beaming,
With bright fleecy hair around them streaming,
In the twilight idly I sit dreaming.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming,
Castles, white waves, and cherub faces beaming,
Turned to empty air, like all earth's dreaming,
But above me—lo! the stars are gleaming.

AT SUNSET

It is so bright above the hills,
I wonder what beyond them lies
So golden-glorious look the skies.

It is so bright above the hills,
I wonder if beyond the skies
There is a land of glad surprise—

More beautiful than heart can dream,
To which the gold o'er hills shall seem
A pale and fitful fading dream.

DAY IS DONE

SUNSET flames in tropic dyes,
Moonrise tints the eastern skies
 Palest gold;
Grasses rustle in the breeze,
Whisperings are in the trees
 Manifold.

Faded now the tropic dyes;
Stars look forth like saintly eyes,
 One by one;
O'er the solemn forest pines
Suddenly the round moon shines—
 Day is done.

VOICES

LISTEN unto the sea's
Soft sighing, sighing;
See tangled wisps of fog
Low flying, flying.

Watch craft of fisherman
Slow winging, winging;
Hear in the cypress trees
Ghost-voices singing.

Upon gray, ragged rocks
Waves dash repining;
Through rent in cold gray fog
The sun is shining;

Listen, you 'll hear the sea's
Heart throbbing, throbbing;
Listen, for men and ships
Lost it is sobbing.

IN THE PAUSES OF THE TRAIN

THE desert hath a voice,—
In the pauses of the train
I hear it o'er and o'er,
A weird and low refrain.

A voice is on the plains;
It is not wind or rain,
For the lush grass doth not move,
And we look for clouds in vain.

The desert hath a voice,—
Is it flying of wild feet?
The hardy buffalo's?
The timid deer's retreat?

The emigrant's sad cry?
The wail of Indian slain?
This melody of sands
In the pauses of the train.

AT TWILIGHT

PALE is the fading gold above the sea,—
 'T is almost night.
From shadow-rock the lighthouse signals flash,
 Now red, now white.

An ash-gray ship glides through the Golden Gate,
 Past forts that frown.
Why does one ship in safety reach the port,
 And one go down?

A LOVE-SONG

IF we were yon seabirds out on the sands,
 And I spread my wings for an outbound flight,
Dear heart, O dear heart, would you follow me
 From sheltering shores over billows white?

If I were a seabird on the sands,
 With wings to waft me over the blue,
I would spread my wings for very joy,
 And over the billows follow you.

FOR GOD'S GLORY

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. David James, of San Rafael.

Not for thy joy alone art placed here,
Sad heart bowed low ;
Higher, holier is thy mission,
God's love to show.

Stood thou, beloved, in pleasant places
Where the sun shone ;
Now in the wilderness, mid shadows,
Thou art alone.

Remember, Soul, 't is for God's glory
That thou art here.
Show to the world his love upholds thee,
Thou hast no fear.

Come from the shadows that surround thee
With hasty flight.
The glory that thou showest others
Shall be thy light.

Forget thyself, thy God remember,
Sing a glad song.
Stand thou in sunlight or in shadow,—
'T is not for long.

“I WILL RETURN UNTO THE LORD”

I WILL return unto my people's God,
Back to the truths in childhood taught to me.
I will return repentant to the Lord;
Unto no other will I bow the knee.

It was the Lord who made the universe;
Each star he formed and sent it on its way.
He made the moon, the “lesser light,” to shine;
He made the sun, the glory of the day.

He parted from the waters the dry land;
He fixed their bounds, and bade the waters stay;
The cattle on the hills, the savage beasts,
The birds of air, the storms, his laws obey.

I will return unto my people's God,
Back to the truths in childhood taught to me.
I will return repentant to the Lord;
Unto no other will I bow the knee.

THE ROOF BENEATH THE PINES

(AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA)

Oh, the patter of the raindrops on the roof beneath the pines!

Oh, the howling of the winds like wolf-voices 'round the door!

Oh, the thought of long-wrecked ships and of sailors lost at sea!

Oh, the sound of breakers beating on the rocks along the shore!

Oh, the midnight stars soft shining on the roof beneath the pines!

Oh, the swaying of the ivy about the cottage door!

Oh, the crescent moon low-hanging alight above the sea!

Oh, the lapping of the wavelets softly rippling on the shore!

AT POMPEII

UNDER cloudless skies of blue,
Mid the zephyrs wand'ring free,
Thanking God for life, for life,
Stand I in dead Pompeii.

Silence, not the song of birds,
Never rose to call a bee,—
Thanking God for life, for life,
Stand I in dead Pompeii.

“ BIDE A WEE ”

“ BIDE a wee, and dinna fret,”
For the sun is shining yet,
In some Otherwhere.

Though you walk o'ershadowed, yet
“ Bide a wee, and dinna fret,”
There 's an Otherwhere.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY!

I NOTE thy coming by the bright'ning
Of skies afar,
Though, like a lamp long burning,
Still shines a star.

Already on the eastward tree-tops
Trails thy bright hair.
Night hath a gift of dewdrop jewels
For thee to wear.

'T is strange I joy so at thy coming,—
For my heart sings,—
I fancy thou wilt bring some gladness
Upon thy wings.

From rose and opal skies hath faded
The one white star;
Flowers doth open thee to welcome,
So glad they are.

Birds on the branches wake with singing,
Light gilds the sea.
O Day, well-loved by birds and flowers,
I welcome thee!

FOUND

I WATCH the tender leaves this April day un-
folding,
And look upon the shadows flitting o'er the
lawn,
And I see children's faces bright and winning.
The faces of my darlings, long, long gone.

The first I see is baby, in his dimpled sweetness,
Blue eyes, white face, and little rings of curl-
ing hair.
I hold my hands out to embrace him fondly,
Alas, they only meet the empty air!

Again I feel a rosy hand mine holding,
And guide two wee feet trying hard to cross
the floor
To see dear Carlo soundly sleeping
In the warm sunshine just outside the door.

In sailor suit and hat, with many happy children,
I see my schoolboy coming down the village
street,

FOUND

His hair wind-tossed, his glowing cheeks like
roses,—

Again my schoolboy I shall never greet.

Away, away with all my sweetly tender dreaming!

I hear a bounding step upon the oaken stair;

I look into the blue eyes bending o'er me,—

My baby, toddler, schoolboy, all are there.

COMPENSATION

DARK clouds rolled over the sky,

And but one star could I see.

I cried in my wild despair,

“Let the bright star shine for me.”

But the purple clouds rolled on

And hid the star from my sight,

When lo, where the clouds had been,

The fair moon was shining bright!

THE ENGINEER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

WHERE far away the two long tracks
Seem running into one,
I watch and watch for father's train
At setting of the sun.

I seem a giant as I stand,
My shadow at my side;
The engine just a tiny dot
Upon the prairie wide.

But, oh, it grows, and grows, and grows
Into a monster high,
Flying a silver banner out
Again the eastern sky.

My father 't is the engine drives;
He watches out for me,
And whistles by the willow trees
To let me know 't is he.

He takes me on the engine tall;
I ride when it goes slow,
Backing about from track to track,
Taking on freight, you know.

THE ENGINEER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

I love my father very much,
And when he kisses me,
I never mind that he is black
And leaves the black on me.

When I go home my mother dear
Speaks soft and low to me,
And kisses me—I wonder why?—
Just where the black spots be.

A TRYST

A GATE of scarlet in the west
Shuts out the autumn day,
A gate with bars of amethyst
And sunset's opal gray.

Keeping a tryst outside the gate,
Is Day, in robes of white.
We call it twilight when she meets
Her somber lover, Night.

MEMORIAL DAY

IN a quiet spot beside the sea,
'Neath sobbing pine-trees many, many miles
 away,
 Lies a soldier brave.
Like a pagan woman, to the sun I cry,
 “Decorate his grave,

“O Sun! send down your beams most brightly;
Make on that grave mourned by the ever-
 restless sea
 Blue violets grow.
O summer wild birds, sing above my soldier
 dead
 A requiem low!”

When on his grave tributes of flowers
His soldier-comrades brave shall place, they'll
 start at sight
 Of violets blue,
Nor dream at prayer of mine, for love of him,
 The violets grew.

CHOOSING A DESTINY

(MEDI)

UNTO the temple I come,
The temple with golden bells;
I stand on the pavement white,
I listen for what my heart tells.

Shall I grasp the soft silken cord
And ring for the goddess of Fame?
A bulbul out on a tree
Sings softly sweet Medi's name.

Shall I choose the bright swinging rope
That gleams like the sunset skies,
And summon the goddess of Wealth?
My jewels are Medi's eyes.

I hold the azure-blue cord
I have chosen among the bells.
I call for the goddess of Love,
I have listened to what my heart tells.

JAPANESE MINSTREL SONG

I AM a minstrel poor—
 (*Ting-a-ling, ling-a-le*)—
She's a chrysanthemum;
 What can she care for me?

Silk her kimono is,
 Jewel-pins hold her hair.
(*Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling*)—
 What can she for me care?

Yet to the moon I'll sing
 'Neath window of my sweet,—
(*Ting-a-ling—heart of mine*)—
 A rose falls at my feet.

ALL THAT REMAINS

IN a fair southern land an old church stands,
A ruin, with curious roof of tiles ;
Through crumbling arches gray star-tapers gleam
And moonlight-shadows wander up its aisles.

Through rift in broken roof sunbeams caress
The pictured face of saint with golden hair ;
Time's hand has blotted out each one save hers,
Of all the holy faces gathered there.

When noble lord and peasant too pass by
That ancient church upon their several ways,
Before the saint with the bright golden hair
In loving homage each one kneels and prays.

Like the old Spanish church, many a life,
A ruin now, once was a holy place,
Upon whose walls of memory still hang
The picture of some loving, saintly face.

IN THE STARLIGHT WITH YOU

OUT in the starlight and half-tropic sweetness,
'Neath skies of soft azure deep'ning in hue
Up to the zenith's shimmering darkness—
Out in the starlight walking with you.

Out in the starlight mid incense of flowers,
Winging its way to the infinite blue,
Just for one moment forgetting life's sorrows—
Out in the starlight walking with you.

A RED ROSE

'T WAS but a line from an old Scotch song,
And a bonnie rose of red.
“I gave my love a red, red rose,”
Were the song-words that he said.

“His love, his love,” glad her small hands
clasped
The rose, for she loved him well.
Oh, never a sweeter way could be
Than to let a red rose tell!

SAINT BARBARA

BARBARA'S eyes are brown,
Barbara's face is fair.
With halo I would crown
Barbara's silken hair.

Barbara's words are kind,
Barbara's words are wise;
Generous are her acts,
And love looks from her eyes.

She "seeketh not her own,"
But lifteth up the faint.
Shrined in many a heart,
Love canonized her saint.

ROSES THAT CLIMB THE WALL

OVER high walls on a city street
Red roses wander and swing,
As if they loved the hurrying crowd,—
They could do no sweeter thing.

For hearts are sorry and mourn their dead,
And bread is hard to win;
There may be fairer flowers than these
The garden walls within.

But, oh, the roses that climb the wall
Are the roses that I sing;
For unto the toiling, weary ones
Thoughts of beauty they bring.

THE INFINITY OF STARS

TAKE out beneath the golden dust of stars
Thy stormy heart.
There learn beneath the countless shining worlds
How small thou art!

What matter if you mourn, or laugh, or rage,—
Stars still will shine.
In space, and earth, and air, and sea, how small
A part is thine!

CALL NOT THE SEA CRUEL

CALL not the sea cruel,
Oh, rather say
It is the sun
Bids wild winds come
To smite and slay,
To lash the waves
Of summer seas
To mountains high,
To yawning graves,—
Call not the sea cruel.

A WINTER'S DAY

(CALIFORNIA)

TO-DAY I hold pink rose-buds, lilies white,
Daisies and wildwood violets in my hand.
Dark ivy to the casement clings.

The sea a sapphire gleams, an emerald the
land.

A tiny shadow—'t is a tropic bird in flight,
That cuts a sunbeam with its wings,
Its scarlet wings,
And glad song sings.

Such is fair California's winter day.

Where is the sparkling, dazzling icy crown?
The ermine robe on plain and hill?

The last year's empty nest in branches brown?
The snow on trees? The little snow-birds?—
flown away?

The frozen lake? The moonlight still?
The moonlight still
On icy hill?

A WINTER'S DAY

Where are the branches bending 'neath the snow?

The silver fringe of icicles upon the eaves?

The marble of the hills and dells?

The north wind scattering far the dry brown
leaves?

The frost upon the panes? The firelight's bright
glow?

The merry, merry sound of bells?

The sound of bells

In icy dells?

Grim Winter heard upon the mountains tall

The softly wooing voice of the fair tropic sea,
Felt kisses of the warm sweet air,

The flower-filled air, that whispered, "Come
with me."

Dropped ermine robe, let icy scepter fall,

And stole from mountains down to land of all
most fair—

To land most fair

From icy air.

HOW SHALL JOAN OF ARC BE
PAINTED?

AS CHILD shall she be painted, watching her
father's flocks,
Wandering among the lambs, the gentlest there,
In meadows tender green, starred with a few
wild flowers,
A crown of buttercups upon her long bright
hair?

Or shall Joan be painted as a warrior in armor,
Leading to battle soldiers, though but maiden
fair;
Riding on snow-white plunging warhorse, a lone
guiding star,
Helmet in place of buttercups upon her hair?

Or in the marketplace of Rouen shall he paint
her,
Bound to a stake with cruel chains, her life
work done,
Faggots and tiny scarlet wings of fire about her,
Crowned with a halo by the golden setting sun?

HOW SHALL JOAN OF ARC BE PAINTED?

No, rather let the artist paint her as she listens,
Her face inspired uplifted unto heaven's far
blue,
List'ning entranced to voices all unheard by
others,
Telling Joan the mighty work she has to do.

A FRINGE OF GOLD

THE golden billows of poppies
Roll out on the headlands bold,
And the white pearls of the breakers
Meet the shining flowers of gold
That ripple in lines of beauty,
Dividing the sea from the land—
A tangle of gold and sea-pearls,
Bright fringe of the sunset strand.

NEW YEAR FANCIES

FORGETTING the past with its dreams
That faded away
Like the dazzling orange and scarlet of sunset
That came not to stay.

The fleecy white clouds you fancied
Were castles most fair,
With towers and turrets, with banners of sun-
beams
Afloat in the air.

Forgetting the past, with its dreams
Like tales that are told,
Dream dreams brighter, aye fairer, than ever
before
In years now grown old.

EASTER SONG

CROWN Christ the risen King
This Easter day.
All who have life and breath
Own his blest sway.

Repentant ones draw near
The mercy-seat;
Hearts white as lilies lay
At Jesus' feet.

Sing how he loved the world,
The Crucified.
Sing how for sins of men
The Saviour died.

Join the angelic hosts
Who ever sing—
“Glory and honor to
The risen King!”

A KING'S DAUGHTER

If upon the city's street
My fair princess you should meet,
 Ina, with her face so young and fair,
In her simple woolen dress,
You would never, never guess
 To a royal kingdom she was heir.

Those who know my princess well
To each other often tell
 Of her life so simple, yet so grand;
That upon her golden hair
Rests a crown of jewels rare,
 Placed there by a loving Father's hand.

Tiny cross my princess wears,
In token that she shares
 Burdens with all children of the King.
Storm-tossed ones she guides aright,
Like the North Star shining bright,
 To the safe, sure shadow of His wing.

A KING'S DAUGHTER

Earthly kingdoms are laid low,
But her Father's throne we know
Through eternity shall stand.
Burdened here with many a care,
She will reign a princess there,
In the City of the Lord, her King.

MEMORIAL EVE

'T is holy time to-night;
I fancy I can hear
The sound of marching feet,
Soft music drawing near,
The muffled drum's low beat.

The morning draweth nigh,
Our Sabbath of the year.
The day to scatter flowers,
The time for falling tear
For heroes who were ours.

GOLDEN GATE PARK IN MIDWINTER

(SAN FRANCISCO)

THE dewdrops hang on the bending grass,
A dragon-fly cuts a sunbeam through,
The moaning cypress-trees lift somber arms
Up to skies of cloudless blue.
A humming-bird sips from a golden cup,
In the hedge a hidden bird sings,
And a butterfly among the flowers
Tells me that my soul has wings.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

BATHED is the western sky in glory,
Soon will go down the sun.
Be reconciled unto thy brother
Ere yet the day is done.

Lest thou shalt pine alone in prison,
Shut from his love away,
Be reconciled—the west is golden—
Before the close of day.

JAPANESE LULLABY

SLEEP, lilies; sleep, lilies,
On the waters blue,
While the leaves on the trees
Whisper unto you.

Sleep, lilies; sleep, lilies,
Folded safe away
Mid the reeds and rushes
Till another day.

Sleep, lilies; sleep, lilies,
On the waters blue,
While a bright star-lantern
Watches over you.

DANCE OF THE FIREFLIES

THE fireflies have a dance to-night;
Rice-fields and rivers are all alight.
Fireflies are but stars on the wing—
Summer-night dancers—*ting-a-ling-ling!*

VESPERS

SUNSET'S red wine lies on the curling waves,
Soft-tinted clouds are edged with living gold.
One half-lit star hangs white above the sea,
And Silence stands upon the headland bold.

From out the tall straight pines that fringe the
shore
Trills suddenly upon the summer air
A bird's clear notes, a song to coming stars,
A Gloria to God for loving care.

BETROTHAL

I HAVE cast my ring on the waves,—
I love thee. I love thee, O sea!
From this summer day, forever,
I have plighted my troth to thee.

MONTEREY'S BLUE HILLS

I'm sure upon the circling hills
Forget-me-nots do grow,
So deep blue do they look to-day
Beyond the billow's snow.

The azure sky above the hills
In love is bending low ;
I'm sure upon the circling hills
Forget-me-nots do grow.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

O DEAREST ONE, O dearest one,
The hours were so sweet!
God care for you, God comfort me,
Until again we meet!

I cry to you, I call to you,
I cry, but all in vain.
God care for you, God comfort me,
Until we meet again!

GRAY FOG AND RAIN

(A MOOD)

THERE is no earth and there is no sea ;
'T is chaos—gray fog and rain.
The ships on the bay are phantoms dim,—
Please, God, send sunshine again.

The beautiful girl I call a rose
Will fade with the coming years ;
The lily growing out on the lawn
Is but a chalice for tears.

There is no earth and there is no sea,
No sky—but chaos doth reign ;
A ship has foundered in empty space,
Please, God, “ let light be ” again.

SIMPLE LIFE

Few are the needs we have, love,
As we fare along life's way.
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,"
And a reed to joy the day.

Then don your simple gown, love,
And a pilgrim's cloak of gray:
We'll fare along, and pipe a song,
Dear love, on the king's highway.

"I SHALL FIND HIM"

Nor in unbounded space,
By sophists' reason fed,
By masters' wisdom led
In paths their followers trace,
Shall I find God.
But in the "Promised Place,"
For sake of sins forgiven,
And for my soul's love given,
I shall behold the face,
Of Christ, my Lord.

AS A ROSE

SOFT petals of a rose
Are falling on the garden way—
The rose that was the queen
Of this fair, golden summer day.

Love blossomed like a rose
In happy garden of my heart;
It faded soon, and in
My life no longer has a part.

None can restore the rose
When once its tender petals fall,
Nor to the heart again
A love grown cold and dim recall.

A PINK ROSE UPON THE SANDS

TO ANNA FRANCES BRIGGS

THERE 's a pink rose lying upon the sands.
Did you see her, pines? Has she passed this
way?

Her eyes are as blue as the summer skies,
And her face as fair as a dreamland day.

In her sunny hair was a pale pink rose,
Her dress was as white as the sea's soft spray;
O pine trees that grow on the cold, brown rocks,
Did the girl I love on the headland stray?

A BIRD'S SONG

BRIEF the song of a bird,
A ripple and trill
In the branch of a tree,
Then silence—until

From vine that is bending
Beneath blossoms white,
Comes twitter and trill—then
The songster's glad flight

Through gold path of sunshine,
With joy-notes that thrill
All hearts with the sweetness
Of ripple and trill.

Brief, brief are my carols;
To hearts I would sing
Of sunshine and gladness,
Like bird on the wing.

BELLS OF VENICE

SILENCE o'er city fair,
Not a breeze sighing;
Silence in palace old
At the day's dying.

Gold in the sunset sky
And on sea lying;
Long lines of golden light
Like arrows flying.

Boats on the paths of blue,
Blue sky o'erbending;
Silence o'er city fair
At the day's ending.

Lo! as with one accord,
From each church-tower,
Ring bells melodious
At sunset's hour.

Silence unbroken save
For sweet bells ringing,
As through the sunset's gate
Day's flight is winging.

WHEN I PASS HER HOUSE

WHEN I pass the house
Where she used to dwell,
Tears come to my eyes,
For I loved her well.

Voice I seem to hear,
Sweet as silver bell,
When I pass the house
Where she used to dwell.

A HEART-CRY

ONCE 't was mine, the picture that I love so well—
Oh, so well!
Love for me, his mother, in that boyish face,
I could trace.

And his eyes of summer azure seemed to see
Only me.
Earliest of sunbeams kissed his burnished hair—
Oh, so fair!

On the wall it hung that awful April day,
I away.
None was there, my picture child, to rescue thee.
Pity me!

Day of earthquake's sudden terror, awful shock—
Flames that mock.
Raging flames of the Inferno's lurid glow—
Down below.

Did you plead, my darling? Beg the flames to stay?
Plead and pray?
Plead to spare you for your mother's eyes to see?
Plead for me?

CONSOLATION

(For all of us who lost our homes by earthquake and fire in San Francisco, April 18, 1906.)

O THOU whose home is turned to ashes cold and
white—
Thou who before the awful flames affrighted
fled,
Dost thou remember in thy grief and sorrowing,
That He who loved us had not where to lay his
head?

PROPHECY OF THE ROSE

A NEW SAN FRANCISCO

OVER a ruin a rose-vine climbeth,
Wreathing a broken stair,
Clinging to wall and to broken casement,—
Once a garden was there.

Rose of the ruin, thou art prophetic;
E'en as it is with thee,
Out of gray ashes shall rise a city,
Queen of the sunset sea.

RE-CREATION

EACH day the world is formed anew ;
God speaks and says : “ Let there be light ! ”
Between each day there is a grave,
The long, dark, silent sunless night.

Though Memory’s tapers—the bright stars—
Burn on the altars of the sky,
We should not gaze regretfully,
Or for the lost days vainly cry.

From out of chaos rises fair
A re-created world each dawn,
Another Eden given man
In which each life again is born.

A world of hope, and joy, and love,—
Perchance a world of care and sorrow ;
But never of despair—oh, no !
A new world will be born to-morrow.

RAINBOWS

I AM always looking for rainbows,—
Are you?
And amid storm-swept skies for bits of
Bright blue.

And sometimes I find them, the rainbows,—
Do you?
And ofttimes they greet me, the bits of
Bright blue.

TELL ME

DID you ever find a glove
In a hasty search some day
For handkerchief or fan?
Did you hide your face away?
Did you sob and cry and moan
In your party dress so gay?
Did you call him to come back—
He who never, never may?

WILD VIOLETS

“WEAR them and think of me to-day,” I said,
And fastened violets upon her dress.
Their perfume wafted upward to her face
Like some fair spirit’s loving fond caress.

They stayed with her through all that springtide
day,
Those wildwood blossoms,—why were they so
blest?—
And when the stars shone in the evening skies,
Their life work done, they died upon her
breast.

AFLOAT

ON long-past midnight skies
Of sapphire afloat,
Mid myriads of stars,
There sails a silver boat.

Beneath a star it dips
Upon its lonely way,
And drifts a helpless wreck
Into the harbor—Day.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

WE made our home in the wilderness,
The wilderness of billowy grass,
That rose and fell at the tide of winds,
But lay at noontide a sea of glass.

I was an artist who sought to catch
The sunset's glory on prairie wide;
A picture to paint, was my fond hope,
For the Salon—and she was my bride.

Before our cottage a cottonwood grew,
Whose heart-shaped leaves, like humming-
bird's wing,
Fluttered and quivered on slender stems,
And in its shadow a bubbling spring.

Summer had passed like a spirit by,
The cottonwood's leaves were sear and gray,
And the cornstalks stood like sentinels,
Summer's outposts, that sad autumn day.

But, alas, the sunset I had sought
To capture on canvas for the Salon

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

Still burned in the sky and in my brain,
And radiant summer was gone!

The noon was hot and breathless and still,
The white clouds rose like mountains high,
Peak above peak, grim giants at war,
In the far-away blue western sky.

I mounted my horse that sultry noon,
Not heeding her voice who bade me stay,
Nor the mute appeal of her white arms
Held out to me as I rode away.

I rode and rode for many a mile,
My sombrero down over my eyes,
And smoked cigarettes, and cursed my fate,
Till a tint of gray crept o'er the skies.

Was my brain maddened, or did I hear
The whisper of demon from below?
"There 'll be no red in the sunset to-night;
Paint thou the prairie-fire's red glow."

The air was breathless and still and hot,
The billowy grass a motionless sea,
No breeze was coming from east to west;
I threw my cigarette far from me.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING

A torch of fire, my cigarette

The dry grass changed to fluttering wings
Of scarlet and gold; then serpents crawled
In sinuous paths, like living things.

I thought of Pharaoh's struggling hosts,

As frantic I crossed the fiery sea
To rescue her, far dearer than life,
And some way a path was made for me.

For she was alone, my darling one;

In the fire's path our cabin stood.
I saw, like a shower of falling stars,
The blood-red leaves of the cottonwood.

Before our ruined cabin I stood,

Wild with despair 'neath the leafless tree,
Calling my darling's name o'er and o'er,
Begging my darling to come back to me.

Up out of the spring my darling came,

A look of ecstasy on her face.
My picture "The Spirit of the Spring,"
In the Paris Salon had a place.

A SPARROW'S FALL

IN the garden-path a dead bird lieth,
No flutter of wing for an upward flight;
It died when the moon, a lamp low hanging,
Shed on the earth its silvery light.

Now a holy place the garden seemeth
In the early dawn of a spring day fair;
For One came at sound of the sparrow's crying;
He noted its fall, and was with it there.

FOR THE BOY IS AWAY

No NOISY crackers to buy this year,
No danger from cannon small to fear,—
For the boy is away.

No young sun-browed hands the flag to fling
From casement high a fluttering wing,—
For the boy is away.

No powder-grimed hands and face this year;
But sobs for me, and many a tear,—
For the boy is away.

A KEITH

I GAZED upon a landscape from a master's hand.
So grand and awesome was the cañon, that at
sight
I fancied lightest footsteps falling on the floor
Would echo and re-echo from each mountain
height.

MY STAR

SOME time I'll dwell in a star.
It is given me to know ;
In the hush of a summer night
It was whispered soft and low.

Ofttimes I gaze on my star ;
'T is in northern skies to-night.
It glimmers and gleams and glints,—
My beautiful world of light.

And you, on the sky-sea wrecked,
Close-clinging to moonbeam spar,
Floating and drifting, will come
To me in my island star.

SING A SONG

SING a song, sing a song in the morning,
For the night has vanished away.
Sing a song, sing a song in the morning,
A song to the beautiful day.

Sing a song, sing a song in the evening;
Thou hast been His care all the day.
Sing a song, sing a song in the evening,
A farewell to beautiful day.

CAST ASIDE

A BABY sitting in the sunshine on the floor
Tried with her dimpled hand to brush a sun-
beam from her dress.
So, sitting in life's sunshine, we oft cast aside
With thoughtless hands, counting as naught,
the brightness sent to bless.

NO SEER CAN TELL THEE

FATE is the unfolding
As of a rose ;
Wait till its petals sweet
Time shall disclose.

Green bud cannot reveal
The rose to thee ;
Suns must arise and set
Ere thou shalt see

If the full rose is white,
As for the dead,
Or come for life's sweet joys
A rose of red.

Seers cannot read thy fate,
What it shall be ;
Years, as a rose, unfold
Thy fate to thee.

ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG

“ E DEL MIO CUORE LA CARINA ” *

SUNSET'S bright hour and vesper-bells ringing,
Brown lateen-sail and a fisherman singing,
“ E del mio cuore la carina,”—
An incoming boat on the white harbor bar.

Down 'neath blue billows the golden sun dying,
Wine-tinted lights on sapphire sea lying,—
“ E del mio cuore la carina,”—
Sweet song of a fisherman, near, then afar.

Cries of wild sea-gulls o'er twilight sea winging,
Sweet song of Italian fisherman singing,
“ E del mio cuore la carina,”—
A brown lateen sail beneath evening's first star.

* “ She is the darling of my heart.”

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY!

THOU up the twilight hills art trailing,—
 Good-by, sweet day!
Take of the earth its fairest givings
 Upon thy way.

Soon on the heights wilt thou be standing,
 From earth afar,
Lighting, to cheer thy onward going,
 Evening's first star.

Thou wilt come back to us, ah, never!—
 Thy work is done.
Joined thou the days departed
 At set of sun.

Thou didst hear sobs and sounds of crying—
 Cries all in vain;
Thou heardst the joy of some, the laughter,
 In thy brief reign.

I watch thy pathway by the lighting
 Of star and star;
To-morrow's hands the gates of opal
 Soon will unbar.

SPANISH MATCH-BOY

OVER his shoulder a big brown sack,—

“ Mat-chees—mat-chees !

Lady, not one have I sold to-day—

Buy please—buy please ! ”

Picturesque boy, he stood in the door,—

“ Mat-chees—mat-chees ! ”

Brown soulful eyes that implore, implore,—

“ Buy please—buy please ! ”

Sad little fellow in half-ragged clothes,

Patched knees—patched knees.

“ I sell for Madre—Padre is dead ;

Buy please—buy please !

Mat-chees—mat-chees ! ”

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

IN far-off classic land,
Blazing torch in her hand,
 On a high tower,
Stood Hero young and fair,
With halo of bright hair,
 At the midnight hour.

Out on the inky night
Fluttered the red torchlight
 To guide her lover ;
Flaring in the keen blast,
Then lost, like star o'er cast,
 Held high above her.

Not half a year ago,
In vestal robes like snow,
 To sound of lyres,
Upon an altar bright,
On Venus' festal night,
 She fed the fires.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

Child of a noble Greek,
With face of virgin meek,
Eyes of heaven's blue;
Mid clouds of incense rare
She stood a priestess fair,
To the goddess true.

Love made her vows as naught,
Sweet lesson she was taught
In one short hour.
Dark eyes of Thracian youth
Told her the wondrous truth
Of love's great power.

Banished to island lone,
To castle ivy-grown,
Alone they left her.
Love can bridge waters wide,
So soon to Hero's side
Came young Leander.

Swimming the Hellespont
Nightly became his wont,
To Hero's tower.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

First by the moon's soft light,
Making a pathway bright
At moonrise hour.

But came a stormy night,
With lightnings flashing bright
And sad winds wailing.
Moonless and starless sky,
Black clouds o'er gray sky fly,
Pirate ships sailing.

Love can make darkness light,
Out on the stormy night
Hero's torch flashes.
Leander sees the gleam,
And in the angry stream
Heedlessly dashes.

Pitiless breakers roar,
Louder than e'er before
Seem to the swimmer;
Darker the gray sky grows,
Wilder the storm-wind blows,
Hero's light dimmer.

. LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

She from her tower prays
Goddess of her young days
 To save her lover.
Brighter the lightnings flash,
Louder the breakers dash,
 No stars above her.

Down on the rocks below,
Mid breakers white as snow,
 There he lies dying.
Down to his side she leaps,
Torch in her hand she keeps,
 Meteor flying.

Long line of golden light,
Lighting fair Hero's flight
 Through death's dark portal.
Such love, that does not shrink
Even from death's dread brink,
 Must be immortal.

AWAY FROM HOME

BEAUTIFUL butterfly, brown and white,
With spots of black and gold,
Why are you here in the city's street,
The city so somber and old?

The roses red and the roses white
That climb on the garden wall
To my clover-field a message sent,
And I came at their loving call.

MORNING

MORNING trails her bright golden hair
Over the hills in the eastern skies.
She puts out the stars with her fingers fair
And lights up the sun with her eyes.

HE CAME TO ME IN A DREAM LAST
NIGHT

HE came to me in a dream last night,
The one whom I love, my sainted dead ;
He kissed my forehead, he kissed my hands,
And many a loving word he said.

I told him that long the years had been,
That no other held in my heart his place ;
That 't was joy to hear his well-loved voice,
It was joy to see his well-loved face.

I woke at twitter of wild bird's note,
Awoke at touch of a lance of light.
My heart is glad, for I know he lives ;
He came to me in a dream last night.

DOWN BY THE SUMMER SEA

DREAM dreams, fair waking dreams,
Down by the summer sea;
Let the unseen choir of waves
Sing many a song to thee—
Songs of infinity.

Of skies and seas that blend
On the horizon far,
Where twilight's pale-gold ladder leads
Up to the Evening Star,
Shining alone, afar.

List to the undertone
Of waters deep and low,
To the soft rhythm of the waves,
To the high staccato,
Coming whence none may know.

There let the waters' voice
Speak of God's majesty
In the weird voices of the waves—
Speak holy words to thee,
Down by the summer sea.

THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN

SUNSHINE over the city,
And sunlight upon the bay,
Peace and hope, joy and gladness,—
Life but a bright summer day.

Fog and mist and the darkness
Over the sea and the town;
Houses and ships are specters,
For, oh, the sun has gone down!

Life was to me all sunshine,
When out on the shoreless sea
Sailed one I love, and now
The sun has gone down for me.

MY HEART'S CALENDAR

THIS is my heart's brief calendar;
April it holds and May.
In springtime came he to the earth,
In springtime passed away.

WILD POPPIES

BEAUTIFUL golden wild poppies
That nod in the soft summer air,
Well were you chosen the emblem
Of land of all lands most fair.

Who planted you, golden poppies?
Were you here when the world was new?
Were you painted by the morning?
Do you mirror the snuset's hue?

Do you grow from seeds of bright gold
That are hidden away from sight?
Are you stars come down from the sky
That shine in the radiant light?

Are you golden cups o'erflowing
With jewels of raindrops and dew?
Why are you so constant-hearted
To the State that has chosen you?

With gold you carpet the meadows
Like the gold-paved land of the blest,
Wild poppies, the flower emblem
Of the State of the Golden West.

SOMEWHERE—SOMEWHERE

(MEMORIAL VERSES)

IN a far-off land where never the sun
Shines on a tress of golden hair,
Where never a daisy stars green fields
Or violet perfumes the springtide air,
A soldier sleeps, somewhere, somewhere!

IN a far-off land where faces are dark,
And the tiger springs from its jungle lair,
Where dull-gold stars are in tropic skies,
And never a blossom is scattered—there
A soldier sleeps, somewhere, somewhere!

NORAH'S LAMENT

BEFORE the round mirror she stood and she cried,
“ O Donnely, Donnely dear, do you know
'T was grieving for you, love, changed Norah's
hair
From tints of red brightness to winter's white
snow?

“ O Donnely dear, you ofttimes entwined
My locks round your fingers and called them
spun gold.
'T is only three summers since you went away ;
Without thee life's loveless—'a tale that is
told.'

“ O Donnely, dear one, if you could come back,
I wonder, I wonder if you would know
The Norah you loved, with bright tresses of
gold,—
Poor Norah with hair like the white drifted
snow? ”

HIS LITTLE SUN-BROWNEH HAT

FROM the dark closet's highest shelf
I took his small hat down;
His little hat with ragged brim,
Sun-browned, with broken crown.

I fancied I should hear his step
Come bounding up the stair,
Should see his merry, laughing eyes,
His burnished, wind-tossed hair.

I held it with caressing hands,
And cried, "Come back to me
And claim the little sun-browned hat!"
Alas, it cannot be!

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